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Jas. Devon

PROPRIETOR. Jan 14 17

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ICE CREAM FURNISHER.

50 Salem Ave

NYE AT THE PLAY.

HE TALKS ABOUT THE BALLET IN GOTHAM.

A Graphic Description of the Black Crook and How the Actors Succeed in Making Their Living—A Comic Opera That Bill Likes.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

The revival of the "Black Crook" and Lottie Collins in New York has given, as I may say, an atmosphere of earnest yet diaphanous freshly laundered ruffles and firm young muscle which pervades all the other theaters also and makes the life of a bass viol player a most hazardous one. I was perfectly astonished a month ago while here with my family, and as I had other shopping that could be done later I allowed the family to look casually upon the billboards, while I promised myself that later on I would do the balance of my trading for winter and also do a little Dr. Parkhursting besides.

The "Black Crook" is a play which one gets the synopsis of and reads after he gets home, but I'll bet a dollar that he cannot do so on the ground. I will give



AT THE BLACK CROOK.

a brief epitome, so that those who wish to understand the play itself before attending it may do so, enjoying the scenic and incidental parts while present, thus saving a great deal of time. The quality of the dialogue is flat enough for the commencement day at an idiot school. If a blind man were to come home alive after attending the "Black Crook" he would have to put his brain on his asparagus bed. It would be useless for other purposes.

The general literary tone of the play reminds one of the works of Steve Brodie, or the persiflage of Mme. Yucca, who lifts the horse at Huber's dime museum. And yet one does not go away. I was alone, and at 10 a. m. could get one lone seat by the man who plays the pug in the orchestra. I sat over three hours holding a large fat lady with a real alligator neck and moss green freckles on it. At first she rested equally on me and a gent on her right, but the gent on her right got weary, and taking a lingering look at the ballet he went away.

Count Wolfenstein is a character in the play, and lives on his title and eleven dollars per week. Rudolph is a poor artist, who paints campaign banners, and so cannot get anything only every four years. But while he is in the hands of his enemies and chained to a large pillar of the dungeon of the castle he is approached by Hertzog, called the Black Crook, a man who lives in the mountains and has dealings with the devil, ever and anon swapping him a soul for a milk cow or a town lot. It must be remembered, however, that all along here rapid fiddling occurs, and beautiful girls, relieved of their wraps by kindly hands, come in and dance in a sprightly way, which reminds me of the Jardin Kerbiff, in Paris, where I was once at.

All at once the orchestra opens with a sort of bugle call sounding like tummy da da, tummy da da, rat te tat, rat te tat, tummy da da, tummy da da, and then some more girls come upon the stage and cut up so that I put a corner of the fat lady's Paisley shawl over my head. Next came a view of hell, and the old lady removed the shawl and told me I could look now. It was a beautiful sight. Dragonfire runs this department, and when he cracks his knuckles the sparks of electricity snap forth like everything.

He is clothed in medicated red flannel from head to feet, and in face reminds one of the magician Herrmann. I met Herrmann once in Tiffin, O. We played against each other. We stopped at the same place, as regards hotels. He asked me to sit at his table. I said I did not mind doing so if he would not play any tricks on me. He said he would not. Before we got half through he begged my pardon—he is a very polite man—and said there was some foreign substance in my lettuce. I said doubtless. There always is more or less foreign substance in lettuce, but I could not ignore the fact that there was indeed a diamond ring. I looked it over with a sigh and gave it to the waiter girl. Everything that one finds that way he should return. If I were to go to that house again I would get two pieces of pie and a hearty welcome.

At this point we see by our programme that it will be continued on next page, and that Lyon & Healy's brass bands are used exclusively in this theater; also that members of the "Black Crook" company wear the celebrated Voila self-heaving chest from Paris. Bny no other one. We now turn over our programme and find that the Run-around railroad can receive a few more people if told in time, and even go over to Brooklyn for people who are well connected. Then the next scene is a rocky pass. It is over the Run-around railroad, I presume, and expires the day before you start.

There is also a "danse rustique" and some coryphees. I've seen a good many coryphees in my time, but I never saw one that I would care to place in charge of the infant class at Mount Calvary Sabbath school where I live. They seem

too frivolous to me. They do not live for a purpose.

The Grotto of Stalacta is a good thing. Imagine a beautiful cavern lined with rock candy and faced with neapolitan ice cream, then stalactites of pure lemon ice and stalagmites of tutti frutti, lighted up with powerful electric lights, toned down with beautiful prismatic tints of every hue, and a torchlight procession of coryphees carrying a large wire banner!

After the appearance of Fielding, the wonder, who has no connection with the play, the four young ladies from Paris come in and oblige. They dance nimbly about at a great rate, standing first on one leg and then on the other. And yet they were once poor girls living on the Rue de la Bastille, with very light laundry bills even then. It is wonderful how other nations succeed in this country. These four poor girls are now able to earn a good salary in a few moments playing leap frog and cutting up at a great rate. Then all day they can go and see the city of New York and the pleasant animals in Central park. They lead lives of ease which come as near that of the Pullman car conductor as anything I know of.

The Casino has come forward and reformed, hoping in the bright and glorious future to greet the good and great and occupy the parquet along with Mr. Palmer and Augustin Daly. The "Fencing Master" is one of the prettiest and most romantic comic operas I have ever seen. It is Italian, but not effusively so. The principal scenes are laid in Venice, and all the trading and visiting seem to be done in gondolas. Marie Tempest is the fencing master—a daughter who has been reared as a son by her old father till she is the most skillful swordsman in the place. She becomes the court fencing master, and during the campaign keeps the royal fences in repair. Francesca, the young swordsman, falls in love with Fortuino, the rightful heir to the throne of Milan and owner of a line of gondolas on Fifth avenue. He is sent on a perilous mission, which it is hoped will result in his ignominious death, but Francesca resolves to go with him, and buying a new Wade & Butler sword she goes with him, joyfully knifing several of his prominent enemies and asking their friends to send in the bill for same.

Fortuino, however, loves another, but not beyond his control, as she seems to be a bit of a flirt, and in fact Francesca encourages her to clope with a well known Venetian proprietor of a trolley line on the Grand canal. He comes every evening and plunks with his Venetian plunker to a low, sad refrain referring to love that curls up and dies for lack of proper attention. Francesca is in favor of this matter and encourages his passion, egging the young lady on, and yet doing it quite squarely. Finally Fortuino agrees to meet this girl and speak to her freely; also to tell her that he is very likely to come into possession of the throne by showing his subjects that they are at that time paying too high a duty on wearing apparel, and that wages have gone down, thus turning the tide of added wealth, called the unearned increment, into the pockets of the rich.

Francesca so assists the other man that he gets the young lady just before Fortuino arrives, and pretty soon there has to be an explanation, and no longer can the beautiful boy swordsman conceal the fact that he loves Fortuino and would cheerfully die in his defense, as he had almost done already several times.



GAVE THE RING TO THE GIRL.

By and by all is well, and Fortuino wonders how he could have been such an ass all along, and the audience cordially join in also, having wondered for some time why he did not know more. Then Francesca goes away to her rooms and returns in a long dress made of Italian red and yellow plaid with a special train to it.

Bill Nye

Couldn't Have Him.

A young lord belonging to one of the oldest families in England was recently invited to dinner by a lady in Chicago. On entering the drawing room he drew her aside, and glancing at the young girls in the room said anxiously: "I hear that American women regard every titled Englishman as a possible husband. Tell them I'm bespoke."—Youth's Companion.

Taking Something Off.

Mother (to her old maid daughter)—Why, Julia, what do you mean by using the family Bible in that way? You are scratching out figures in the family record and inserting others.

Julia—It is a record of my birth, isn't it?

Mother—Yes, it is.

Julia—Well, I am lowering the record.—Texas Siftings.

Wanted It Finished.

"If there is anything I admire more than anything else on Sunday," said a wiseacre on leaving church to a dude on the steps, "it is a finished discourse."—Brooklyn Eagle.

WRAPS FOR WINTER.

FUR COATS MORE EXPENSIVE AND ELABORATE THAN EVER.

Some Attractive Styles in Seal-skin and Astrakhan—New Walking Dresses—Hats Keep Growing Larger, but Bonnets Go to the Other Extreme.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The fur coat of the season has never been so elaborate or expensive as it is now. Seal-skin has nearly doubled in value, and as if this was not enough all sorts of fancy frills by which more work can be added and the cost augmented help to make papa or hubby baldheaded before his time.



WRAPS.

There are coats that come to the feet, and wraps ditto, but the box coat of seal-skin and the half long mantle are oftener seen. One odd and not altogether pretty fashion is to have the collar arranged in such a way as to resemble wide ostrich tips and the edges scalloped. It is really becoming, however.

One of the prettiest wraps of this season is of black astrakhan laid in plaits, and with a high scalloped collar. Little pockets are placed in each side of the lining for holding the purse, etc. The only objection to these is that wearing fur against the hair is very injurious to the hair.

Another handsome cape is made of seal-skin, with a boa of mink or Russian sable, if one can afford it. There are fewer of the little pneumonia breeding capes that reach only to the waist line, and the lady who cannot obtain one or the other of the new fur coats or capes will pass a very unhappy winter, so she will.

Some of the walking dresses of this season are very pretty, and evidently have been designed by some one who possesses a fair share of common sense, which tones down the ridiculous tendencies toward empire styles. I don't mind a real empire gown on the proper person, which is a pretty young woman, neither fat nor thin, but with a trim figure, and with much natural grace of movement, but the worst of it is that every one thinks herself exactly the kind that would be charming in an empire gown—a sort of superior Josephine or idealized Recamier.

I could not express strongly enough the sort of picture they make. They move brusquely, and every angular point or movement is accentuated. Let us hope that the empire will not become arbitrary, but will allow us a little latitude of choice—at least enough for the pretty walking dress below, which is a type of modern taste.

The dress is of gray chevrot, with three narrow green jet-studded braids. The sleeves and waist are of chevrot, with combination of green and gray brocade silk, with belt, windmill bow and lapels of green velvet bound with silver braid. The toque is of chevrot, with silver buckle and green coque plumes. When the weather is very cold, a vest of chamois is worn under the waist and keeps the wearer as warm as toast, but people who see the wearer now without a wrap would be apt to think that the young lady must be very cold or have a remarkable constitution.

Hats keep growing larger and more soul destroying than ever, but bonnets are very dainty and small, in many cases seeming to be little more than ornaments in the hair. The brims of the hats seem to have all run to the front in the melted state, though there are a very few in the Rubens and Rembrandt style, and some regular Puritan with high pointed crowns. Besides these the soft felt alpine is a favorite for a run-about hat. Satin is a new material now in use for hats. Many are neatly shirred, and others are laid smooth.

Among the latest importations of silks I notice online, which is a thick cord bengaline, every three cords being crinkled, and that gives the whole surface a very rich effect. It is in plain but exceedingly rich colors, and made up entirely by itself it produces a dress inapproachable except by velvet.

A velvet dress never goes out of style, but all fancy weaves of silk have their day and then disappear to be revived a generation or two later, like the plaid silks now are. Satin, black and heavy, and white will both be worn for evening this season, and more is already being made for a chosen few who will set the style.

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Nov. 12, 1892.

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ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY**SCHEDULE.****SALEM DUMMY LINE.**

EAST.		WEST.	
6:15 a.m.	6:45 a.m.	7:15 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m.	8:30 a.m.	8:45 a.m.	9:15 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	10:00 a.m.	10:15 a.m.	10:45 a.m.
11:00 p.m.	11:30 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	12:15 p.m.
12:30 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:15 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m.	2:45 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
3:30 p.m.	4:00 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
5:15 p.m.	5:45 p.m.	6:15 p.m.	6:45 p.m.
7:15 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	8:15 p.m.	8:45 p.m.

N. B.—Theater nights last train leaves Roanoke at 10:45; arrives Salem 11:15 p. m. Sundays, the first run is omitted. Trains leaving Roanoke at 8:45 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. on Salem dummy line will have baggage car attached for carrying drummers' trunks, general baggage and merchandise, beginning May 25.

VINTON ELECTRIC LINE.**Leave Roanoke.**

6:00 a.m.	10:40 a.m.	3:20 p.m.	7:20 p.m.
6:40 a.m.	11:20 a.m.	4:00 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
7:20 a.m.	12:00 p.m.	4:40 p.m.	8:40 p.m.
8:00 a.m.	12:40 p.m.	5:20 p.m.	9:20 p.m.
8:40 a.m.	1:20 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
9:20 a.m.	2:00 p.m.	6:40 p.m.	10:40 p.m.
10:00 a.m.	2:40 p.m.		

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11 8 6m

Gospel Meeting.

The regular gospel meeting of the Railroad Men's Christian Association will be held in their hall, 155 Salem avenue, to-day at 4 p. m. Topic, "How to Meet the World, I John, 3:15; Rom., 12:2; I John, 5:4-5. Walter Hutchings, trainmaster of the Roanoke division, will conduct the meeting.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Of the Principal Business Houses of Roanoke.

The following is published daily for the benefit of strangers and the public generally. It includes all trades and professions and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in Roanoke:

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NOLAND & DE SAUSSURE, Architects, Masonic Temple.
WM. L. REID, Masonic Temple.
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